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GANDERBONE'S June Forecast.

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It was the seventeenth of June,
And great was the convention—
The vote was coming pretty soon,
And thrilling was the tension.
"Alabama!" cried the clerk,
And some there were sent daft,
When a U. S. marshal showed his head
Out in the seething mass, and said:
"Count 22 for Taft!"

The Cannon men turned pale as ghosts,
And the Hughes men gasped for breath—
The men for Fairbanks clung to posts
As colorless as death.
"Arkansas!" the clerk exclaimed,
And the hall shook fore and aft,
When a spy postmaster, white of hair,
Hopped to the main deck of his chair,
And cried "18 for Taft!"

The Fairbanks men exuded groans,
And the Cannon men shed tears—
And the Hughes men uttered no more but moans
That once had uttered cheers.
"California!" boomed the clerk,
And the whole convention laughed
When a revenue collector rose
And whistled shrilly through his nose,
"Count 20 more for Taft!"

The Hughes men looked at the Cannon men,
And they crawled out of their chairs—
And the Fairbanks fellows join'd them when
They pulled their Teddy Bears.
And they all rushed up on the center stage
As men who had made ready—
And when the din and the tumult died,
And the dust had settled down inside,
The candidate was Teddy.

And when Bill Taft discovers what a mean trick they have played him, he'll shed his coat and go to find the man who has betrayed him. He'll lumber up the White House, with each jump growing warmer, and Ted will hear him coming in, and slip into his armor. They'll spar around the room a bit, and Ted will cry, "See here, Bill! I know the whole affair must look all-thunderation queer, Bill; but listen: You'll be named for vice, and when we're both elected, why, I'll resign. You'll get it, Bill—fact is, I suspected Bryan would defeat you, Bill, which made it necessary for me to head the ticket, lest everything miscarry."

And Bill will sink into a chair, aware that he has missed it, and will exclaim, "I see it now! By Jove, I should have it! O, most ungrateful wretch am I, to think that you who made me—my benefactor and my friend—had

shamelessly betrayed me!"

Whereat they will embrace and hug
As lovers reunited,
And Ted will rest on William's breast
And softly say, "Delighted!"

June gets its name from Juno, the Roman goddess of marriage. Juno was supposed to see everybody happily married. She was highly qualified to do this, for she herself had married Jupiter, who was a worse runabout than Boni Gould. When the celestial chorus was playing Parnasus, Jupiter hung around the stage door like a Pittsburger. He stirred up more scandal than Tom Platt, and was as bold as Gilmanaire Gorey. Juno finally avenged herself upon her rivals by turning them into cows, which made Jupiter a cattle-king.

The college graduate will hear
The Macedonian cry
Of Kansas farmers who must get
The wheat cut by July.
They'll rustle out while yet the lark
Is chirruping his matin,
And chase the binder 'round the field
Exuding Greek and Latin.

The dinner bell will bring the sage, the scholar and the cynic and dinner will become a sort of scientific clinic. Astronomers will talk of Mars, of Saturn and of Venus, and Latinists recall a few romances of Silenus. The junobug will be mentioned as the genus Lachnasteria, and other bugs will speak of land as being terra firma. They'll quarrel, shoot and sometimes swear in Arabic and Greek, and now and then a dainty hand will clasp a damask cheek. And all the while the farmer, full of wondering and doubt, will deeply marvel what the hotel bill's Bill it's all about.

The Anti-Saloon League willing, the 21st will be the longest day of the year. Upon that date the sun will reach the Tropic of Cancer in the northern declination, and will start south again. On the same day the month will pass out of the influence of Gemini the Twins, and persons born after the 21st need not be afraid. They will not have any. Upon the contrary, the stork will fill or single orders under the zodiacal sign of Cancer the Crab. Children born under this sign will crawl by yard and cry for crab-apple jelly.

The smiling heavens will inspire
The skylark and the linnet,
And the busy parsons will turn out
A new bride every minute
A few friends will throw shoes and rice
And taste the wedding cake,
And then make bets among themselves
On whether it will take.

Mr. Bryan will complete his wall around Denver about the 30th, and will set a deadfall at the gate for Governor Johnson. In the course of the month all Democrats who have fought fist-fights on the floor of Congress, or in any other way distinguished themselves, will be honorably mentioned for vice-

president.

The boys will seek the swimming hole
In quite excited packs,
And paddle in it till the sun
Puts blisters on their backs;
And when the disobedients
Come wet-haired back to town,
They'll get a few more blisters raised
A little lower down.

Commencements will come in again and knowing well this bore, the wily parent will take up a seat quite near the door; and when his own child has declaimed, and shown its skill and pluck, he'll lead the plaudits for a time, and impolitely duck.

The hungry boy will stow a few green apples in his tun, and his ma will lay him belly up out in the blazing sun; and after while the pain will cease, the agony and gripe, because, by virtue of the sun, the once green fruit is ripe.

And then the fourth will come again,
With death and lockjaw from it,
And Pike's Peak in the public eye,
With Bryan on the summit.

The Anti-Spitting Crusade.

Everybody should help stop the public spitting habit, by sending a two-cent stamp today for our attractive, unique hanger card, which warns against spitting nuisances. People will take notice of this card and once seen, never forgotten. Address DOMINOCARDS CO., 1807 Chateau, St. Louis, Mo.

Trouble for the Editor.

"I can't keep the visitors from coming up," said the office boy, dejectedly. "When I say you're out they don't believe me. They say they must see you."

"Well," said the editor, "just tell them that's what they all say. I don't care if you check them, but I must have quietness."

That afternoon there called at the office a lady with hard features and an acid expression. She wanted to see the editor, and the boy assured her that it was impossible.

"But I must see him," she protested. "I'm his wife."

"That's what they all say," replied the boy.

That's why he found himself on the floor, with the lady sitting on his neck and smacking his head with a ruler, and that is why there is a new boy wanted there.—[Golden Age.

From a Georgia Veteran.

ED. JOURNAL:—I learn from your paper that the veterans and their families of Pickens county are to have a meeting—speaking, big dinner, and a big time generally—at the courthouse, June 3d.

It would be one of the greatest pleasures of my life if it was possible for me to be there and meet my friends generally, and especially to meet my old gray-haired comrades, Capt. Steele, Maj. Stewart, Lieut. J. T. Lewis and others. Such a pleasure as they will enjoy on that occasion will be cheering and helpful to them on their way through the

labors and toils of life.

Capt. Steele was my captain a portion of the time during the war. I would like to hear him on the coming occasion.

I suppose I am amongst the oldest survivors of Co. F, 23d S. C. V., being 72 years and 5 months old.

I am not enjoying good health or I would join my Pickens friends on that happy occasion—eat with them, chat with them, give them a hearty handshake, and look upon their changed features wrought by the "wear of time" in the 24 years since I met them, having moved from Pickens county in 1884.

To all participants a joyful occasion. W. G. FIELD.
Elberton, Ga., May 25.

A Letter From Liberty.

The merchants at this place are profiting so by the mistakes of some other business men that her people are beginning to hold their heads a trifle higher. I am no exception, and as all rich (?) people have a name for their country homes, I began hunting for one for ours and decided on "Bonny View," when one of the "kids" said "Ma, what is it a bonny view of? I replied of the public road of course.

Clevie, I have a very poor memory and don't exactly remember what "Daisies" suggested, but believe it was something about girls associating with men who drink. You can guess what my ideas are when I tell you that I believe in the same standards of morals for boys as for girls. I have heard some mothers say, "I am so glad my children are all boys, for boys, you know, don't have to be so particular about their conduct and are not talked about like girls if they happen to do wrong." I say, poor boys, just so the world don't scorn you it doesn't matter if you go down to perdition. I fail to find in the Bible where the decalogue means one thing for the boy and another for the girl. Now, girls, if you think a boy would keep your company if you drank intoxicants, why I suppose it would be right to go with him too, but I don't think I would try it to find out. Some say, yes, but I just want to try to reform him. Very nice of you, I am sure, but pray tell me, did you ever hear of a young man trying to reform a young lady? (O, yes, some girls need reforming, too.) No, dears, there are men mean enough to drag you down to the lowest depths of degradation, and believe me, girls, he'll leave you there. Yes, it is very commendable of a girl to try to influence a young man to quit drinking, but let me beg of you not to try it if it takes frequent association to do it, for "Vice is a monster of such hideous mien
That to be hated, needs but to be seen,
But seen too oft familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

Isn't that the truth in a nutshell? Whether I have quoted the poem correctly or not, the girls will understand it. I love all the girls, especially the S-J girls and I want you to be care-

ful lest you "embrace" vice. Now, Clevie, I have said my piece and you didn't applaud.

How generous "Mamma's Baby" and "Crab Apple" are to offer me peaches; let me thank you. I was only going to divide peaches with the preacher, not make him a pie. I am too poor to get up an elaborate meal for the preacher, so when one comes I set them down to plain fare and talk about people living so high and say I believe in "plain living and high thinking."

The Editor, in speaking of the recent baptising at Pickens, said they failed to have the pool roped off. Don't you know that will do no good until parents teach their children that baptism is a symbol of burial; "buried with Christ in baptism" is what the Bible says. I have seen some mothers push their "kids" under the rope and say with a sneer, "go up and see him duck 'em." I heard of a young lady once who turned her back when the females were being immersed and said she couldn't look at the sight, it was "too indecent." The narrator said they had seen the same young lady sitting on the front porch with her feet propped up too high for decency. False modesty, wasn't it? I would suggest that the Pickens Baptists encircle the pool with two foot wire fencing and impose a fine on all caught on the inside, except the candidates and their assistants. Every preacher who comes to our town speaks of the good behavior of our young folks. DREAMER.

Hazel

Mrs. W. A. Davis has returned home from another six days' stay at Dr. Black's sanitarium at Greenville. She is slowly but steadily improving in health. She is now able to take short visiting trips.

Elijah Winchester and family visited his brother James, of Shady Grove, Sunday.

Rev. S. P. McCarty filled his regular appointment at New Friendship, Sunday evening.

The bridge letting near Mrs. Sarah Alexander's, Saturday, was well attended. It was awarded to Rev. D. C. Mills for \$178.

One of A. T. Winchester's mules got badly cut in the breast and left side on the 3d inst. with a barbed wire fence, disabling it for work until the 23d inst.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Wilson have returned from a visit to the former's father in Oconee county, and report the old gentleman much better.

Farm work is progressing nicely since the heavy rains have ceased.

Bloor out, candidates.
MOUN/AIN SPROUT.

According to the N. Y. World, Los Angeles has been separating some of our bluejackets from their money at the rate of \$12 a day for a room, 50 cents for a bottle of beer, and 10 cents for a piece of pie. Now we begin to understand why Californians are so enthusiastically in favor of a bigger navy.